Week ending April 15, 1950 EVERY THURSDAY THREEPENCE

Picturegoer

THE NATIONAL FILM WEEKLY



BRITAIN'S PROBLEM PICTURE

see page 12

" Hilarious . . . has real wit, pace and timing . . . the climaxes riotously funny."

" REYNOLDS NEWS "



John Ford's

WHEN WILLIE COMES MARCHING HOME

Dan DAILEY
Corinne CALVET
Colleen TOWNSEND

with **WILLIAM DEMAREST**

Directed by JOHN FORD

Produced by FRED KOHLMAR

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FOCUS ON FILMS

Discussion time. Readers who raise similar topics, this week, get together to thrash out their subject from all angles, with "Picturegoer" refereeing. YOU can take part in this forum on film affairs by writing to "Picturegoer," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Please enclose stamped, addressed envelope if a postal reply is required

RECENTLY, one of my British pen pals sent me a few copies of PICTUREGOER. It was quite a treat to me until I read in "Focus on Films" that you in Britain dislike American films.

Every other letter in this section has something to say about American films—either they're "too melodramatic" or they simply stink!

Although you seem to resent American pictures, practically every page of your magazine is covered with articles about *our* stars. Well, let me say this. You apparently dislike American "shockers," but you praise pictures such as *Oliver Twist* or *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*.

May I say that we have no dislike for you, or your pictures over here—they're okay, if you like that kind. But, gee! What the heck have you got against us?—*Miss Janice Williams, 831 Lorna Drive, Henmosa Beach, California, U.S.A., who is awarded first prize of £1 1s., and asks that the sum be sent to her British pen pal.*

● Nothing, but readers are entitled to their opinions. Such criticism is levelled mainly at the poorer efforts of Hollywood—for which we pay valuable dollars. But please see below.

. . . A surfeit of anything leads to nausea. Chicken every day, and you'd grow to loathe it.

I am sick of American films.

Good pictures are good, whatever their nationality, but proportion is even more desirable.—*G. P. Wheeler, 224a Woodhouse Road, North Finchley, N.12.*

● See what we mean by opinion? Going a bit far! And again. . . .

. . . I must express my appreciation of that colourful American musical, *Look for the Silver Lining*.

Generally speaking, I thoroughly enjoy American musicals. I wish British studios could have a shot at making some.—*Miss Kathleen Miller, "Murree," 111 Matlock Crescent, Cheam, Surrey.*

● Feeling a bit happier about Anglo-American film relations now?

For And Against Women

Your readers, Miss Trotter and Miss Watson (PICTUREGOER, March 11) annoy me. One doesn't like love scenes and the other doesn't like women in Westerns. They must remember the producers try to make pictures to appeal to everyone.

Keep women and love scenes in films, we can't do without them.—*Terry Watson, 97 Courland Street, Larkhall Lane, S.W.8.*

. . . I am in hearty agreement with the Misses Trotter and Watson (PICTUREGOER, March 11). I remember seeing a film with an entirely male cast a few years ago, and felt I had not missed anything with the absence of women.—*Mrs. E. Richardson, 75 Rectory Road, Sutton Coldfield, Birmingham.*

● Is it not the novelty value that makes the occasional "one-sex" film click? And novelty, remember, has a habit of wearing thin.

That Hecht Ban

Kudos to the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association for recommending its members to ban the new Marx Brothers film, *Love Happy*. After all the talk about Ben Hecht, it's nice to see something practical being done about the boycotting of this famous anti-British author.—*Neil Kitchingham, 56 Stamford Street, Arnold Avenue, South Shore, Blackpool.*

. . . Is this the opportune moment for the Cinema Exhibitors' Association to ban the Marx Brothers' *Love Happy*, simply because Ben Hecht wrote a part of the script? Good comedies are scarce.—*C. H. Cartwright, 36 Elizabeth Road, E.6.*

● The ban, of course, was imposed because of Hecht's violent anti-British views.

Four-star Appeal

I would like to record my appreciation of Lionel Collier's invaluable reviews.

Films have to be superlative to earn his four stars. The best year I remember is 1940, with eight of this grade. I wish managers would only reissue three- or four-star films.—*Glyn Bevan, 19a Well Place, Cwmbach, Aberdare, Glam.*

. . . May I congratulate Lionel Collier on his enjoyable criticisms? His well-expressed, balanced judgments are a delight to follow.—*Mrs. Elinor George, c/o Smith's News Agency, Guildhall Square, Winsford, Cheshire.*

● Lionel Collier, passing on his thanks, says he and his review team are anxious to award four stars, but if new films can't earn the ratings then they'd be happy to re-award them to old.

Up In Down Under

As a regular reader of PICTUREGOER, I thought you might be interested in my selection of the ten best films shown in this city last year. The fact that British films are in the majority should be most heartening to you:

The Red Shoes; The Fallen Idol; The Search; Oliver Twist; Scott of the Antarctic; The Winslow Boy; The Snake Pit; Johnny Belinda; Joan of Arc; Passport to Pimlico.—Robert McMillan, 64 Riddell Parade, Elsternwick, Melbourne, Australia.

● It is—and thanks for the list, which British picturegoers will undoubtedly discuss. By the way, what do you think of the following suggestion, "Down Under"?

. . . It is high time that a British studio gave us another Australian picture as a successor to *The Overlanders* and *Bush Christmas*. I suggest "Robbery Under Arms," the famous Rolf Boldrewood story of Australian bushranging.—*John Roy, Dover, Kent.*

● Quite a number of readers have put forward the same idea with the suggestion that Chips Rafferty is cast in the rôle of Dick Masters.

Jolson Programme

I have just seen *Jolson Sings Again*. I think it would be an excellent arrangement if both *The Jolson Story* and *Jolson Sings Again* could be shown as a complete programme.—*D. K. Drury, 2 Bromar Road, Denmark Park, Camberwell, S.E.5.*

● One of many letters suggesting this programme. But wouldn't it be too much of a good thing?

Continental Contents

I am constantly amazed and disgusted at the way your magazine ignores all films save those emanating from the studios of Britain and America. Surely, the progress made by Continental producers since the war entitles them to at least one of the twenty-four pages you print each week?—*R. W. Carter, 4 Leicester Gardens, Seven Kings, Essex.*

● Surely you can't be a very thorough reader of PICTUREGOER. Full-page articles are devoted to Continental films of a special significance—*Bicycle Thieves* was a recent example; Lionel Collier's review pages include criticisms of all the latest Continental products; "Focus on Films" and the editorial pages five and six regularly carry points of view urging wider showings of Continental films. Accent is on British and American product because they are the films most picturegoers see. But what do other readers think?

Name, Please

As the full-page photographs in PICTUREGOER are detached and used to adorn the walls of our very drab workshop, would you please print the name of the stars on the bottom? May I say again how very much they are appreciated.—*Mrs. H. Lancaster, 132 Wordsworth Avenue, Sheffield, 5.*

● And what do other readers feel about this suggestion?

No Medals

Among the ribbons worn by Robert Donat in *The Cure for Love* was that of the War Medal. As this was not issued until May, 1946, and in the film, the war had not finished, it would seem that a slight error has been made.—*A. E. Gould, 28 Beaconsfield Road, Chatham, Kent.*

. . . I thoroughly enjoyed reading the story of *Twelve O'Clock High* (PICTUREGOER, March 11), but I cannot help wondering what a B-50 is doing at the top of the page. This is the very latest Super-Fortress, whereas the bombers in the story are B-17 Flying Fortresses.—*F. W. A. Millard, 8 Elberston Grove, Bricknell Avenue, Hull, Yorks.*

● Glad you liked the story. Do readers want more of them? The picture referred to was only for "atmospheric" background.

Starlettes

. . . How pleasant it is to hear of Michael Rennie's lucky break in *Trio*. His virile manliness is a welcome contrast to the insipid personality of some other male stars.—*Eileen M. Pearson, 418 Stanningley Road, Bramley, Leeds.*

. . . I don't think any other Hollywood actor has stolen the hearts of so many people as Gene Kelly.—*Miss Grace Langley, 137 Lumley Street, Grangemouth, Stirlingshire, Scotland.*

. . . With Esther Williams and funny-man Keenan Wynn *Neptune's Daughter* should have been an excellent film. But no!—*L. Pauline Holbrook, 9 Cramond Avenue, Liverpool, 18, Lancs.*

. . . Douglass Montgomery is a natural actor.—*S. Armitage, 57 Broomer Street, Ravensthorpe, Dewsbury, Yorks.*

. . . Errol Flynn was rather a misfit in *The Forsyte Saga*.—*Gladys W. Heryett, 133 Northway Road, Addiscombe, Croydon.*

COVER POINT

PARIS-BORN Corinne Calvet, star of the latest war film to make the rounds of local cinemas, *When Willie Comes Marching Home*, holds the distinction of being the first French actress to break into Hollywood since the war. She made her début in American films with *Rope of Sand*.

Twenty-four year old Corinne is married to actor John Bromfield—their romance started when Corinne's head and face were swathed in bandages after a car accident.

Her latest film to go into production is *My Friend Irma Goes West*, with Marie Wilson.

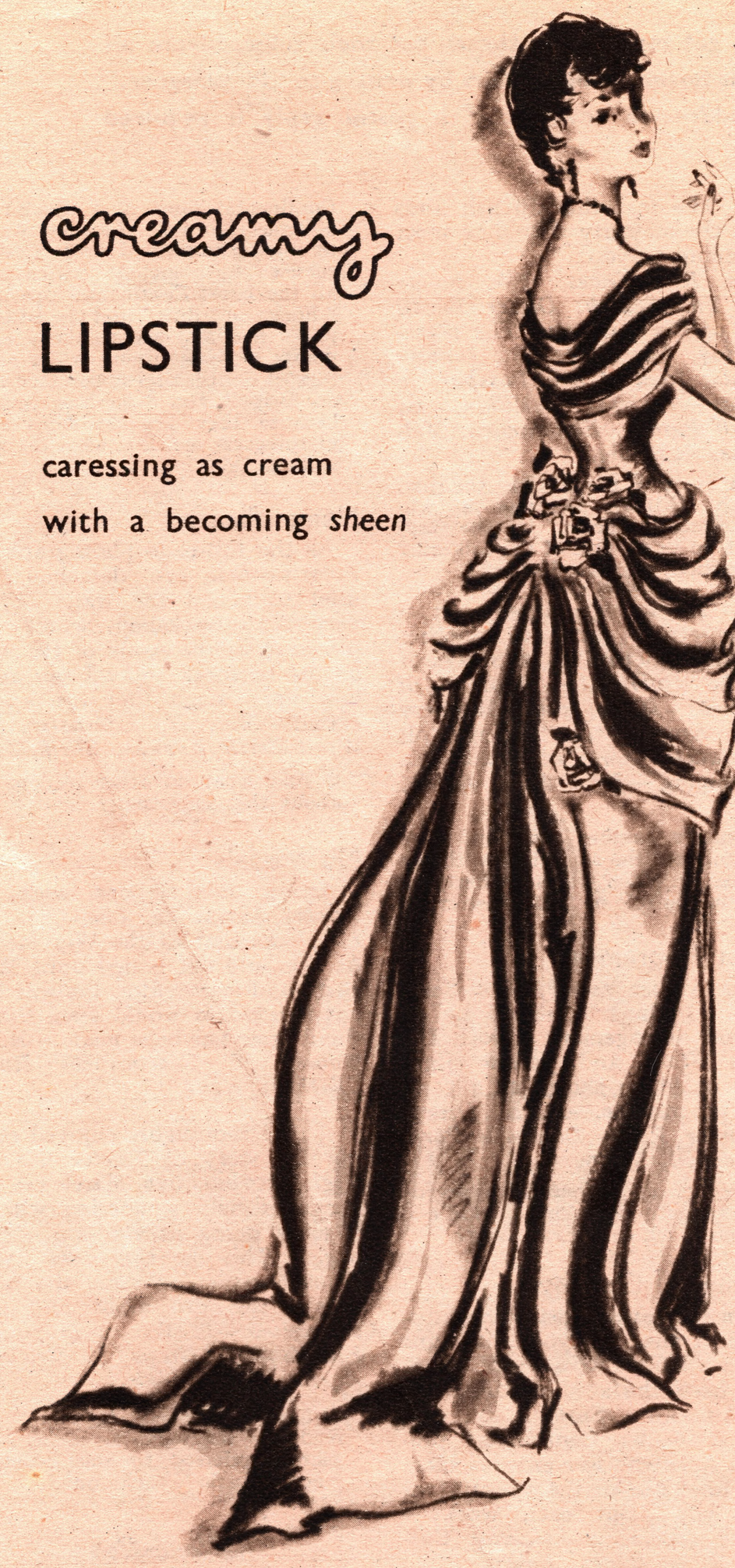


Corinne Calvet

creamy

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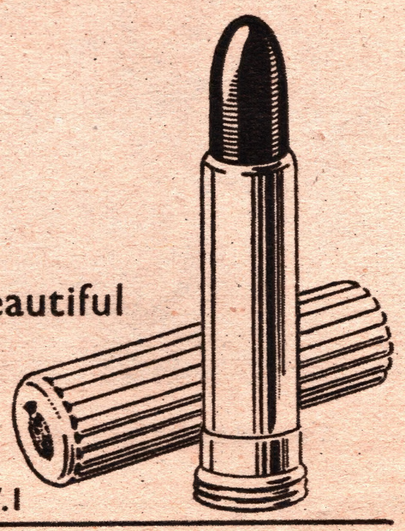
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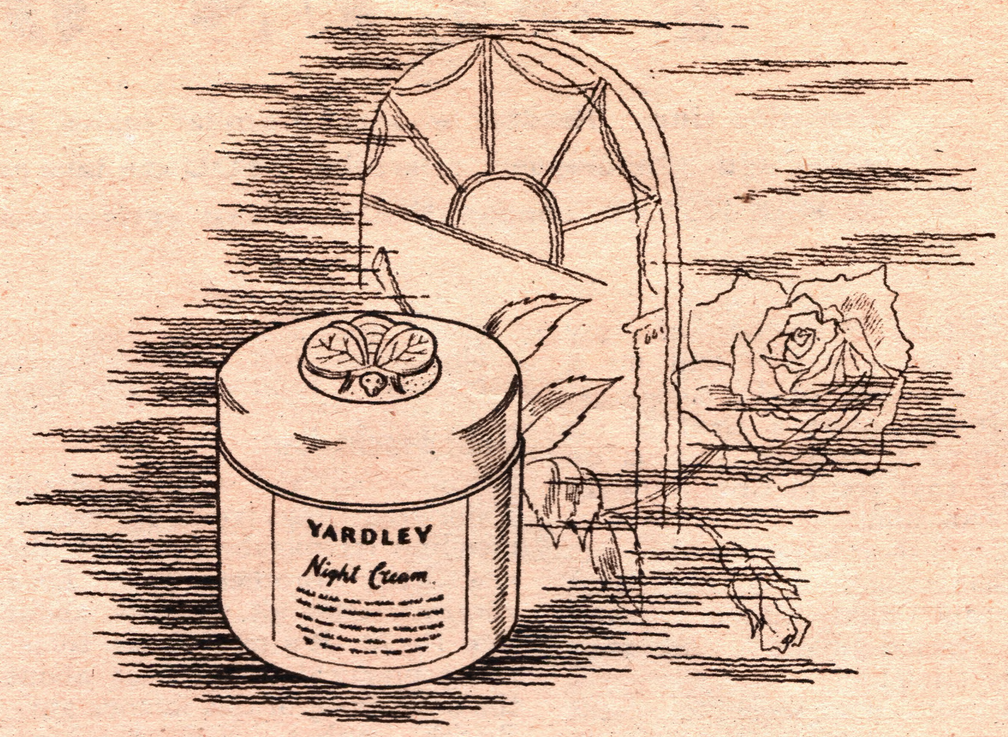
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Picturegoer
THE NATIONAL FILM WEEKLY
APRIL 15, 1950 No. 780 VOLUME 19

DOES BERLE MAKE YOU LAUGH?

New York thinks Milton Berle is the tops: The all-star film you will never see : Blondie copyists

PROBLEM picture: *Always Leave Them Laughing*. Problem comedian: Milton Berle. Now this lad Berle is no beginner. He has been kicking around in show business for a mighty long time. He has been in pictures, making many bad ones, for the best part of twelve years. We first traced him in a thing called *Tall, Dark and Handsome*, back in 1941.

Now, all of a sudden, he has hit the jackpot. After nearly forty years in show business—he started very young—he has suddenly popped up as America's number one entertainer. On radio and television he is out on his own, a short head in front of Crosby, Hope, Benny and the others.

Berle is a clown, a Broadway boy, a great wisecracker. He can squelch a night club heckler with ease. He is one of the top wits of the Great White Way, noisy, rasping, and as blunt as a tough razor.

His television programme is the biggest thing in streamlined show business. He has 5,000,000 viewers and what this does to cinema business on the night of his broadcast makes the film moguls turn green.

In fact, the columnists now call him "Mister Television." Another name is "Public Energy Number One." That's how they rate him in U.S.

Versatile

HE is a versatile lad—writer, song manufacturer, a magician, juggler and newspaper columnist.

Now, such is his success on television and the radio, the brothers Warner are boosting him up as a fully-fledged film star, and *Always Leave Them Laughing*, in which he co-stars with Mayo and Ruth Roman, is one of their first efforts in that line.

It's making America laugh its head off. What will it do in Britain? Will British audiences think that Berle is funny?

Well, he didn't strike us as very funny. We thought the picture was very much made for New York and New Yorkers. And when we weren't looking with a glassy eye at all the frantic cavortings on the screen, we were bemused at the sight of Virginia Mayo giving what seemed to be an expert impression of inanimation.

Possibly Wrong

MAYBE we are wrong, but if Berle ever clicks in Britain to the same degree in which he has scored in



Ready for another brand of "typical American humour"? The gagman who is way up in the Hope-Kaye calibre is Milton Berle, Ruth Roman's partner in "Always Leave Them Laughing"



Hidee! Cheery greeting is from Arlene Dahl, who has something to be cheery about—two films due over here and one more in the making

America we will faint with amazement. Indeed, to us, *Always Leave Them Laughing* was as obvious as they make them. The best thing about it was its title.

If we turn out to be wrong, we will be delighted. For the screen needs all the comics it can get just now. There's a big demand for comedy, but few to serve it.

But there's a mighty wide gulf between the American and British sense of humour.

And if you ask us, it's getting wider. More's the pity.

Zena's Bad Luck

WHILE some of the actors' organizations get very excited when important Hollywood stars are brought over to appear in British films, they do not appear to say anything when Continental players are imported—frequently, too—for the same purpose.

We heard recently how Zena Marshall, who is vivacious, glamorous and photogenic, was very disappointed when, not very long ago, she watched a big part go to a Continental importee.

Now the producers have decided that the foreign girl's voice is unsuitable, and have called on Zena to dub the dialogue.

This is certainly not the way to build British stars.

More "Series" Films

MORE "series" films are on the way.

The *Blondie* films, the *Boston Blackie* pieces, the *Joe Palooka* stories, to say nothing of the *Bowery Boys*, are now being joined with *My Friend Irma*.

This is a series based on an American radio programme, and we are soon to see *My Friend Irma in Europe*, the third from the stable. Meanwhile, in the *Bomba* films, Johnny Sheffield is out to lure the jungle lovers away from Tarzan.

Columbia, too, is keeping in the fashion, with *David Harding, Counter Spy*, which will be followed by *David Harding, Secret Mission*.

This reminds us that our own adventurer, *Dick Barton*, has, of course, *Struck Back*.

All-star Secret

HERE'S news about an all-star film, recently completed, which will probably never be shown to the public here or in America.

Its stars? Garson, Flynn, Peck, Pidgeon, Roz Russell and Jean Simmons, not to mention a few more.

Its subject? A twenty-minute short, designed to be shown to the stars themselves.

The reason? It has not always been easy to persuade stars themselves to come all the way from Hollywood to London for the Royal Film Performance.

Now the Motion Picture Association of America, realizing that those who do come over co-operate magnificently, and regard the visit as among their great experiences, has made the film.

The film people themselves, in short, want the biggest stars of the lot to come over for the great occasion, and they think this movie, shown privately in Hollywood, will do a lot to help.

From Sunny Italy

YOU will be seeing plenty of Italian backgrounds on the screen in the fairly near future. Before long a glide down the Venetian canals on a gondola might well make you feel a bit green about the gills.

Already we have seen *Prince of Foxes* and *Black Magic* both filmed over there, but many more American films are planned for production in Italy—as a result of currency frozen in Europe.

So far the films we have seen, prove that it is brains and not background beauty that made pictures like *Bicycle Thieves* and *Open City*.

One or two British films have been made in this fashion, too.

There is *The Eagle and the Lamb*, with Valentina Cortese, now finishing, and there was *Her Favourite Husband*, about which the censor created a lot of hoo-hah when he objected to a scene in which Robert Beatty was spanking Jean Kent.

This opus has still not been seen by the picturegoing public.

Chances For Two

THE shrewd star-builders at M-G-M are taking a chance with a new production, *The Next Voice You Hear*, and are teaming two up-and-comers in the star parts.

One of them is James Whitmore, who garnered a deal of praise for his performance in *Battleground*: the other is Nancy Davis. She's the daughter of a Chicago brain surgeon and has done one or two smallish chores during the twelve months she's been in Hollywood.

Her work in *East Side, West Side* prompted her swift promotion.

Chalk up this casting enterprise to the credit of Doré Schary.

Joel Is Twenty-one

A PICTUREGOER with a turn for mathematics, weighs in with the information that Joel McCrea is now celebrating his twenty-first year in movies. He was born and bred in Hollywood, and starred in many of Sam Goldwyn's biggest films.

Right now he is kicking round as a pistol-packing parson in *Stars in My Crown*.

Leo's New Rôle

LEO THE LION, certainly the world's most famous film trade mark, is to step out of his traditional Ars Gratia Artis circle to become a cartoon character. He will appear with Tom and Jerry in *Our Pal Leo*.

This gives us an idea. If Arthur Rank were not curtailing the activities of his Cookham Dean cartoon factory, we might have that well-known muscle man of his linking up with America's Superman to kick the gong around.

Bob's New Rôle

BOB HOPE has been scoring an enormous personal success in New York, where he has been starring in a stage show with Jane Russell at the Paramount Theatre.

The success is so great that it may result in more film people trying their paces on the cinema stage in an effort to bring the queues back in front of the house.

More and more American cinemas are dropping the second feature and putting on big variety acts or even complete stage shows.

Cheaper Prices

THIS trend has already reached London, for, as you know, the Empire, the M-G-M cinema, brought back spectacular stage shows about four months ago.

This cinema, without making any fuss about it, has also turned pioneer in another field.

It has brought back the bargain matinée prices which disappeared from most cinemas at the start of the war.

At the Empire, the cut price admission is effective five days of the week until the early evening.

Turn-about

MEL FERRER, whose performance as the coloured doctor in *Lost Boundaries* won him an Academy Award nomination, is an interesting character. Before very reluctantly accepting this part, he hadn't acted for years.

Better known in Hollywood as a writer and director, with a Selznick contract behind him, he wanted to direct the picture instead of act in it. But producer Louis de Rochemont was insistent.

Now Ferrer has landed his second big part, that of a bullfighter in Columbia's *The Brave Bulls*, work on which is now proceeding in Mexico.

Actors often turn director, but the reverse change is rare indeed. Looks as if the Hitchcock habit is catching on in the studios.



". . . She loves me . . . She loves me not. . . ."



WHEN WILLIE COMES MARCHING HOME

Dan Dailey joins the Army, and he means to do his bit. He does, but not in the way he thought he would

THIS is another film about the war. But take heart! It's angled differently. The central character is Dan Daily, and by no stretch of imagination could that cheerful lad do a Gregory (*Twelve O'Clock High*) Peck, or a John (*Battleground*) Hodiak, or a Gary (*Task Force*) Cooper—or, for that matter, a Humphrey (*Chain Lightning*) Bogart. Dan Dailey does a Dan Dailey war, a misunderstood war, a war which is in no way disrespectful to war, but is quite disrespectful to sundry military gentlemen in ascending scales of importance.

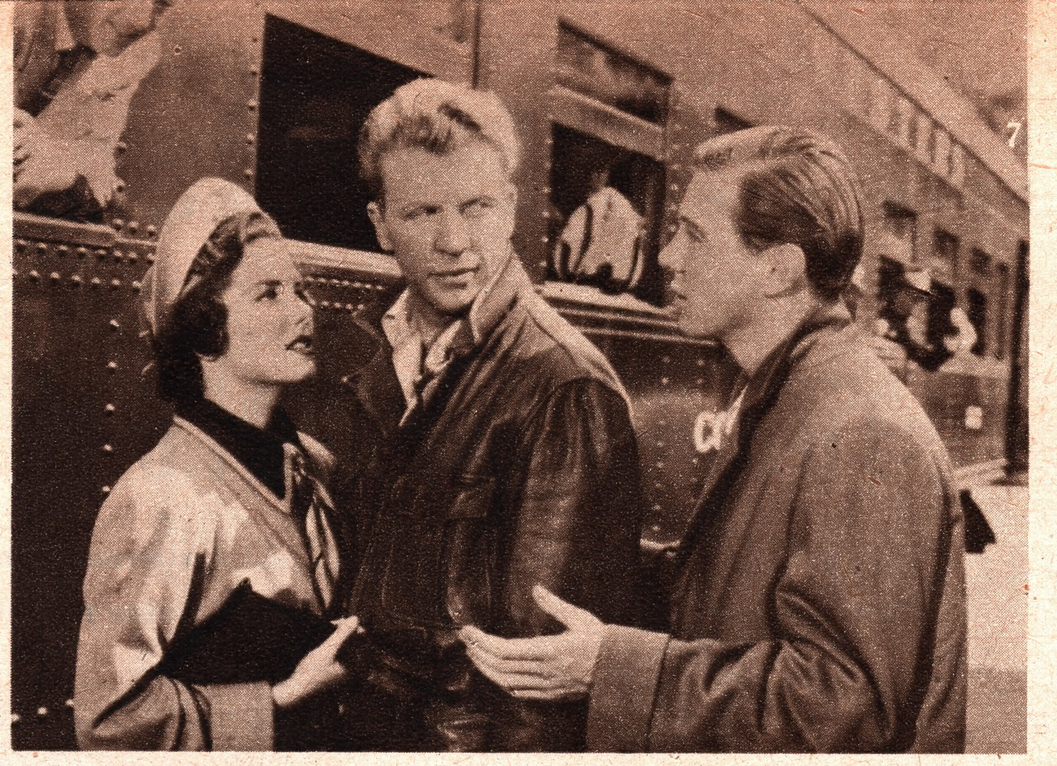
Anyway, Dan Dailey joins the Army, full of zeal and patriotism, and has a fine send-off from his home town of Puxatawney, West Virginia, complete with musical honours. But after that there is a sort of anticlimax. Dan does fine in the Army, but the folks at home just don't see it that way. He's a swell guy at collecting good conduct medals on his chest and stripes on his arm. But as for the hero stuff . . . it gets kind of elusive.

When the hero rôle does come his way nobody seems very quick at recognizing it. He finds it pretty hard to recognize it himself. Part of Dan Dailey's war precipitates him into the French underground movement along with Corinne Calvet, where he becomes involved in matters of the highest import, which cause him to be dispatched equally smartly back from whence he came.

What with the rigours of war and the cross-questioning by brass-hats, plus a high-speed flight back to the States with a hangover, Dan's one desire is to get back to Puxatawney and home.

He gets in through the kitchen window; gets a crack on the head from daddy's truncheon; gets a military escort calling for him; gets a . . . But why give the plot away?

A. R. W.



Dan Dailey's off to find the war, and he wants to say goodbye to Marge (Coleen Townsend), but the boy in a mac won't take a hint



Having tried his hand at flying a plane he tries his luck at peeling spuds. It's a well known way they have in the Army, isn't it?



Somewhere in Europe, via parachute, Bill gets involved in a fake marriage feast complete with disguise and Corinne Calvet as bride

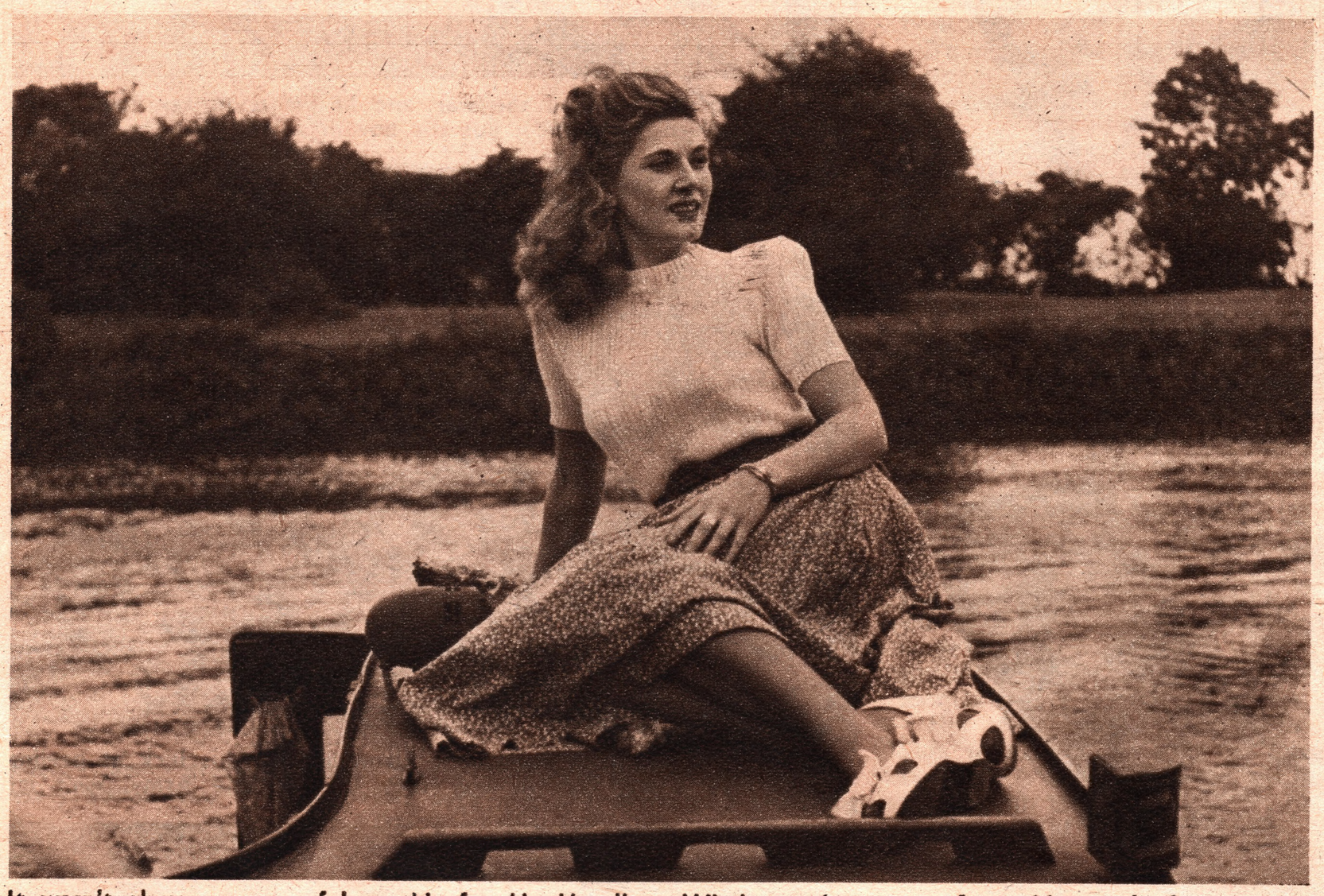


Back home in Puxatawney, West Virginia, Bill gets in by the kitchen window and finds himself laid out by his father (William Demarest)

Picturegoer's Studio Round-up

THE UNIT CRAVED EXCITEMENT

And got plenty of it with "The Lady Craves Excitement" in a country house at Windsor: Crashing into chairs: Smashing up a wireless set: Hy Hazell's eight hours in a cabin trunk



It wasn't always as peaceful as this for Hy Hazell at Windsor. A matter of a cabin trunk, for instance

TWENTY-FOUR days of excitement. That's what it has been for the unit shooting *The Lady Craves Excitement* in a large house on the banks of the Thames near Windsor. Artists have been tripped up, "blown up," sent sprawling headlong on to the floor and pushed backwards into piles of chairs.

The film stars Hy Hazell and Michael Medwin as two cabaret artists who become involved with a gang of thieves. It's a kind of musical-cum-comedy-cum-thriller.

EXCLUSIVE FILMS, the makers, specialize in supporting features and keep their costs down to a maximum of £15,000 per picture.

They achieve this low budget by two methods. They shoot their films in real houses rented for the occasion, instead of expensive studios, using props and scenery found on the property.

And they make their films in twenty-four days! This means that there is little time to "fake" a scene. If an actor has to fall—well, he just has to fall. And he gets no stand-in either.

TAKE Michael Medwin, for instance. During an Edwardian burlesque with Hy Hazell in *The Lady Craves Excitement*, he had to trip and fall flat on his face.

Michael rehearsed that fall for an hour before going in front of the camera. Then when it came to the actual shooting, the scene had to be retaken *ten times* before director Francis Searle was satisfied the fall was realistic enough. Can you wonder that Michael's arms were still blue with bruises when I saw him a week later?

NOR has Sidney James been having an easy time. He portrays a Greek night club proprietor. One part of the script calls for him to fall backwards into a pile of chairs.

A backward crash, however, which was not in the script, but certainly added to the general excitement, occurred during one of the "hot" jazz numbers played in the night club. The drummer of the orchestra became so worked up, that he toppled off his stool, fell into an expensive plate-glass mirror, and smashed it.

ANOTHER casualty was Danny Green, who plays the part of a strong man. In one scene he had to smash his fist on top of a blaring radio, fusing it in the process. A small thunder flash was put into a wireless frame to give this effect.

When his cue came, Danny brought his hand down so hard that he split the frame and the flash went up over his arm, burning it in several places.

Hy Hazell, too, has not been having exactly an easy time. One day she had to spend more than eight hours cramped up in a cabin trunk in which she was supposed to be hiding from the thieves.

YOU know that certain man from Vienna, who played a certain tune on a certain instrument in a certain film? Well, he's done something to our studios—he's set them all craving to dig up a similar big stunt to set picturegoers talking.

And Ealing thinks it has found an answer in the form of colourful, bespectacled Leo Ferré, a Parisian existentialist pianist, brought over here to play a tune called "Dernière Nuit" ("Last Night") in the Paris night club scenes of *Cage of Gold*.

Already, one of the record companies has thought the Frenchman and the tune good enough to include them in their autumn list.

ASSOCIATE producer Michael Relph "discovered" Leo.

In the film you'll hear tall, glamorous Madeleine Lebeau sing the tune "Dernière Nuit." She is a French actress who narrowly missed internment in 1940 when the Germans overran her country. She went to Hollywood where she appeared in several films, including *Casablanca*. After the war she returned to French films.

In her first rôle in Britain, she portrays a Paris night club singer who is the lover of David Farrar. He marries Jean Simmons for money, but leaves her for Madeleine Lebeau when he discovers Jean to be penniless.

IN some of the scenes, Madeleine wears a white satin sheath dress, the top of which is trimmed with a large band of white fur in an off-the-shoulder line.

Its design is such that she cannot sit down while wearing it. So that she could ease her aching feet between takes, the property department built an upright "stretcher" with arm rests.

WHEN I visited Ealing, part of the unit had just returned from location in Paris. Twice their schedule there was nearly upset through the French strike, which was at its height at the time they were turning the cameras on exteriors.

One scene required David Farrar to travel up to Sacré Coeur by the funicular railway. But its workers had joined the strikers; the service was dead.

With the help of the French Film Union, however, the workers were persuaded to forget the strike for a few minutes for the sake of the Entente Cordiale, in return for a small donation to the Strikers' Fund. Shooting then began.

ANOTHER time, the electricity workers decided to join the strikers on the night the neon signs in Montparnasse were scheduled to be shot. Luckily the Frenchmen changed their minds at the last moment, and the night scene was "canned."

MURIEL COLE, the crowd casting director, had a busy time finding men and women suitable to portray clients in the film's night club. She had to find twenty-two women and seventeen men with the right clothes.

The women all had to possess smart cocktail dresses with the latest model hats (close fitting skull cap, with feathers or sequins) and, of course, had to look French.

As a result of several days' hard searching round West End modelling agencies, Muriel Cole collected several genuine Frenchwomen, a Russian, a Maltese, a Dane and several Englishwomen.

JOHN BRETTON

Man And Wife Battle In The Courts

KATHARINE HEPBURN and Spencer Tracy join battle in the courts in *Adam's Rib*, the new comedy which goes out on release on April 24. Next week's two-page trailer, in distinctly PICTUREGOER style, is devoted to this legal legpull. Full pages on *They Were Not Divided* and *The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend*, too. So—



Order your copy of next week's PICTUREGOER now

Prelude To Oscar

Following a lead from our own Bill Mooring, every year correspondents from foreign newspapers housed in Hollywood get together to make their own film awards. Are their winners your choice?

LESS widely publicised than the Oscar is another Hollywood talent award, the Golden Globe. This handsome little trophy was created following the original suggestion put forward by PICTUREGOER's W. H. Mooring; and it is presented by the Hollywood Foreign Correspondents' Association — of which Mooring was first president—for the best work in various fields of film activity, much as the Academy Award is bestowed.

But whereas in the case of Oscar it is filmdom itself which chooses the winner, the Golden Globes are awarded as the result of voting by the eighty foreign Press people who have their headquarters in Hollywood. And they estimate that they represent an aggregate of 500,000,000 readers.

It is not surprising, therefore, when the Academy Awards differ somewhat from those made by the foreign correspondents. But this year the newsmen selected *All the King's Men* as the film of the year; Broderick Crawford as the best actor, for his work in that picture; and Olivia de Havilland as the finest actress for her performance in *The Heiress*.

An interesting selection is the twin award for the best newcomer actor and actress. Our own Richard Todd was a runaway winner of the male trophy in this section, for his work in *The Hasty Heart*. Jack Warner got a special award for this picture. The best newcomer actress, by the way, was Mercedes McCambridge, also in *All the King's Men*.

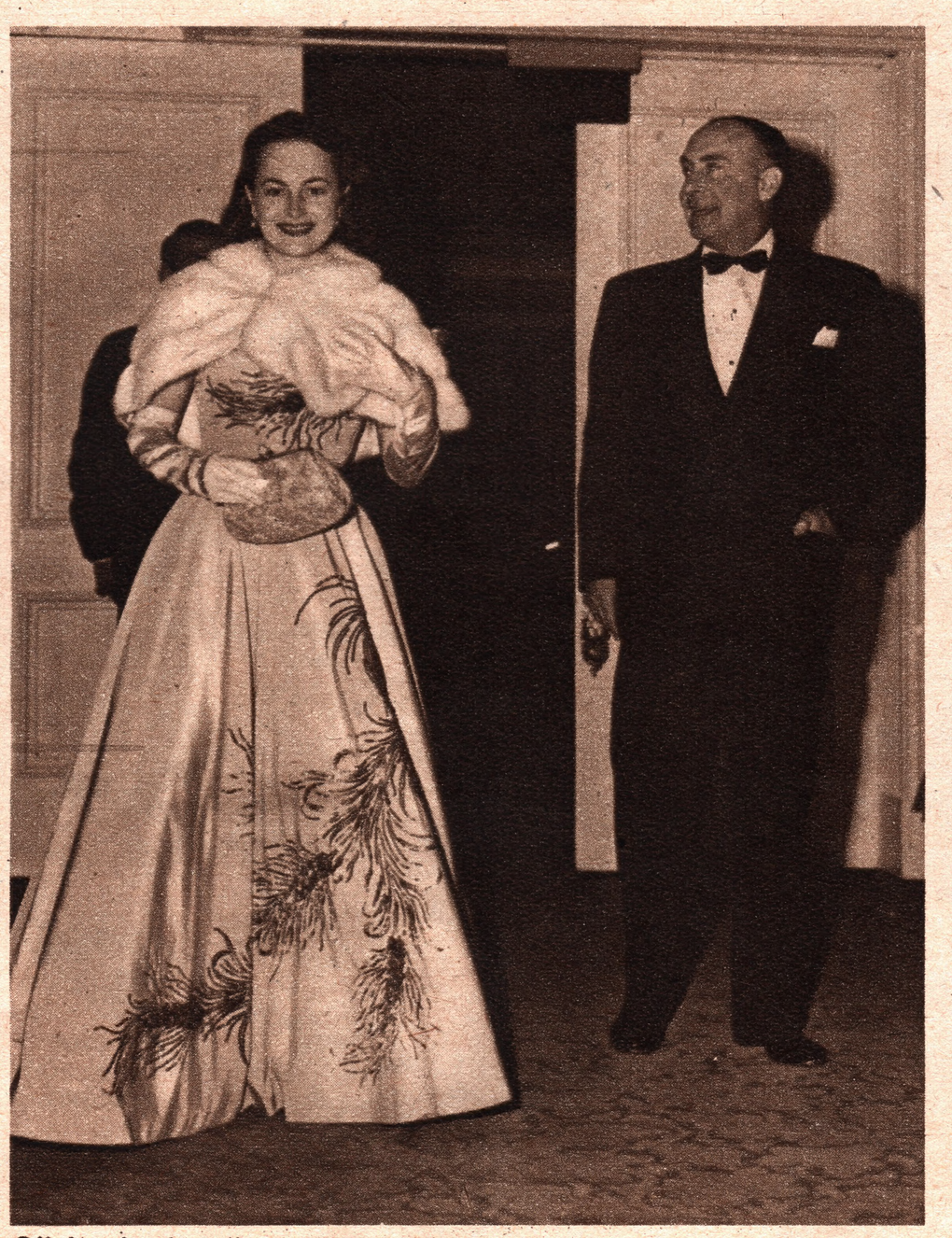
The awards were presented with considerable pomp and splendour at a banquet at Hollywood's Ambassador Hotel. Gene Kelly acted as master of ceremonies.



Best newcomers: Mercedes McCambridge and Richard Todd



Master of ceremonies Gene Kelly takes an award himself — for his screen record



Olivia de Havilland arrives at the banquet with her husband, Marcus Goodrich, to pick up her award for work in "The Heiress"



Broderick Crawford's acting in "All the King's Men" earns him a Golden Globe



PLAYFUL PETER LAWFORD

by DUNCAN BLAIR

"The Red Danube" and still no real rôle. Yet he's well up on the popularity poll—amazing what a playboy act can do, isn't it?

IF you could look through our picture files of Hollywood social events and evenings at the night spots, you would quickly gather the impression that the most "seen-around" guy in California is Peter Lawford.

The photographic record reveals that he squires the young lovelies with a catholicity of taste that seems to suggest he finds safety in variety. The printed sheet, in those sections where the rumours are bandied about, makes a good deal of colourful copy out of the Lawford lad, too.

Cute little paragraphs by Hollywood's leading keyhole ladies suggest that Peter is that way about Ava Gardner one week, Janet Leigh the next, and Elizabeth Taylor the week after that.

When, not so long ago, he visited New York, the cables buzzed with long-distance accounts of his evening activities with such folk as the Vanderbilts. These days he rates as many gossip paragraphs as Errol Flynn or Van Johnson.

And it isn't so far back that Sharman Douglas had to deny with great firmness that he and she were likely to be engaged; Sharman, of course, being the daughter of America's ambassador to this country.

All this suggests that young Lawford is quite a man-about-town. But there are many other men-about-town in America, and it's still extraordinary that he gets such a Press whenever he steps into the social whirl.

But then Peter is an extraordinary young man. Without a single outstanding performance to his credit on the screen—no fault of his, just casting—he is a top rave with that most vociferous of all fan types, the bobby-soxer.

Statisticians and poll specialists have not yet revealed his status in this respect as compared with that of Van Johnson, Alan Ladd and Frank Sinatra, but he must be running them very close these days. Why?

Certainly, he isn't accorded all that near-hysterical admiration on account of his acting ability. He's been in pictures a long time, in fact almost continuously since he was a boy actor romping around with Mickey Rooney and Freddie Bartholomew just before the war.

But in all that time he's never had a part to play that called for more than the pleasant exposition of a stock character.

His latest portrayal to be on view in this country, his major in *The Red Danube*, is as good an example as any of the kind of thing he has to do.

This character is a tiny bit more serious and dramatic than most Peter has played in the past. But once again he projects his own personality from the screen; and the portrayal is very much the Lawford you know and like, plus a rather fetching moustache.

It can't be dramatic strength, then, that assembles the bobby-soxers whenever he makes a personal appearance or whenever he steps out to a première. It must, therefore, be that old, infallible lure, personality.

Perhaps, indeed, his producers are wise not to throw him any dramatic plums, but to let him go on being infinite variations of Peter Lawford.

The Lawford personality as far as this writer is concerned, is just a personality. Pleasant, likeable, but not aggressive in any sense. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that this writer is not a member of the bobby-soxer fraternity.

The Mystery Deepens

A comparison of the Lawford personality with say, that of Van Johnson, only serves to deepen the mystery of Lawford's astonishing popularity. The one is about a quarter the strength of the other, and young America normally goes for the positive, whether it is Van Johnson's ebullient grin or Frank Sinatra's husky voice.

Lawford has neither an expansive grin nor a muted cello voice to epitomize his personality. And perhaps that is where the secret of his appeal lies—in the simple fact that the bobby-soxer just can't pin down his appeal.

The British background helps, of course. Americans have always fallen for British charm whenever it has been accompanied by a voice that is not aggressively "top drawer." Lawford has acquired the nearest possible thing to an international accent.

Then, of course, he's a top-drawer type socially and that means a lot in the States.

One wonders what he thinks about it all. Our Hollywood correspondent, who really knows young Peter, reported some time ago that he is a naturally shy chap, bewildered by the juvenile admiration lavished upon him and not a little terrified by it.

But that report came a while ago. It seems that recently Lawford has learned to put a bold face on it; and even if you discount quite a bit of the mass of publicity that flickers around his name, it would seem that he has come to enjoy being seen around and squiring the eligible young ladies of Hollywood.

At any rate, the fact that he is seen around and photographed with the glamour girls and written up as "that way" about every other one of them, is all part of his appeal to the bobby-soxer. He is probably sufficiently aware of that to be philosophic about it.

His studio is certainly aware of it. A couple of years ago, at contract renewal time, he was induced to sign a clause that he wouldn't marry for three years. And I should imagine that if, too often, he felt inclined to stay at home with his feet on the mantelpiece and a good book, he would hear about it pretty sharply from the front office.

It doesn't seem, just now, that there is any danger of his being thus reprimanded. He still does the social round conscientiously.

A cynic would say, he knows what's good for him. Filmically, his producers seem to know that, too. Play for safety is their current watchword as far as Lawford is concerned.

Keep him in front of the public eye in pleasant rôles in a well-varied selection of pleasant pictures. Put him into a musical now and again, just to show that he's versatile. Play for safety and leave the rest to the gossip writers.

That seems to be the plan for Peter; and as long as Peter plays ball socially, it's a plan that will keep the popularity chart on a healthy level. If and when that starts to have a jaundiced look, there's always the ace in the sleeve—the good acting part that the experienced Peter will undoubtedly play really well—if ever it becomes necessary for him to do so.

Meanwhile a date at the Brown Derby with one of those new tartan dinner jackets and the latest lovely on his arm will do more for Peter than the leading part in M-G-M's best-ever epic—as far as the bobby-soxers are concerned. But me, if I were Peter Lawford, I'd start reading scripts pretty soon. It can't last for ever.

Lawford Lifeline

FROM THE BEGINNING: Born London, September 7, 1923; height 6 ft. 1 in.; weight, 11 stone 11 lb.; hair, brown; eyes, dark blue.

SCREEN START No. 1: At the age of seven in *Old Bill* and other British films until passing of law prohibiting employment of children under fourteen in films.

SCREEN START No. 2: At the age of fifteen with Freddie Bartholomew in *The Boy from Barnardos*. Then his family decided on world tour.

SCREEN START No. 3: Four years later, in *Mrs. Miniver*. Castings now at the twenty-film mark.

PLAYS: Drums, ukulele, tennis.

PASTIMES: Swimming, photography.

CHOICE OF FEMININE COMPANIONS: "Blondes, brunettes and redheads—though not necessarily in that order."



Peek-a-boo. Peter Lawford is being encouraged to look out for glamour girls to date up. Good publicity. Will it last?

★★★ A Deliberate Gamble For Three Stars Of Today And Tomorrow



The Dancing Years

It's quite the biggest British film experiment for years. Ivor Novello's magical stage formula has now been applied to the screen. If it succeeds . . . new fields, new stars

WHEN you see it you will be seeing the film full of question marks. *The Dancing Years* is an experiment—a daring experiment with a financial liability behind it that makes the gamble all the more interesting.

It is common knowledge among those who claim to move in what are known as "informed circles" that the picture, in what is technically described as gorgeous Technicolor, has cost considerably more than its original budget figured. It will have to be a smash hit to cover its costs and start bringing home the bacon.

And there the question marks begin.

Can it be a smash hit in the home market? Will you, you and you sit entranced as the Novello musical romance unfolds on your local screens? Can the magic touch of Ivor, the master craftsman of the theatre, prove as potent in the cinemas as it has been these last twenty-odd years in "legit."?

That's the first question mark.

Then, can Dennis Price, sincere, talented and popular as he is, carry the brunt of a lush, essentially conventional musical play? Dennis has had to take the rough with the smooth these last two or three years.

Fortunately, he can balance the blight of *The Bad Lord Byron* against the credit of *Kind Hearts and Coronets*—at the moment. But can he afford another slap-down like the reception given to the Byron picture? On the other hand, can it be that this musical will heighten and enlarge the romantic appeal he already possesses?

That's another—and a two-edged—question mark.

There are other queries, too, posed by the imminent unfurling of *The Dancing Years*. Will Gisèle Préville, the girl who made a big hit in a smallish part in *Against the Wind*, score the kind of success Continental stars dream about finding in British pictures?

Can young Patricia Dainton, a girl most highly thought of by the boys in the studio who should know, make a sufficiently vivid impression upon filmgoers to ensure for herself a bright future in British pictures?

There are two more pertinent and potent



Producer Warwick Ward, director Harold French, Gisèle Préville and Dennis Price enjoy an off-set recital of Ivor Novello's tunes



A typical Novello Tyrolean setting. Dennis Price, Muriel George and Patricia Dainton serve up the mixture which is loved so much by Suburbia

Will It "Make" Gisèle Préville In British Films? Will It Mean A Higher Status For Dennis Price? Will It Open Up A Future For Patricia Dainton?







queries. You can now see how much depends on *The Dancing Years* proving to be a major success. Whether it can or not depends upon the answer to our first question. Will the Novello formula prove to be as magical on the screen as it is on the stage?

Before going into that it's interesting to recall that Novello himself a score of years ago was a screen matinée idol in films like "The Rat" series and *The Lodger*, which began Hitchcock's reputation.

Ivor Novello jostles with Noel Coward for the distinction of being the most successful name in the crown of the British commercial theatre.

If Coward is the darling of the would-be sophisticates, Novello is housewives' choice. Custom cannot, apparently, stale for them the infinite variety of his manipulations of the old Viennese musical theme.

If Noel Coward hadn't snaffled the title first, it is certain that sometime or other Novello would have hit upon "Bitter Sweet" as a title for one of those nostalgically romantic musicals that cling to old Vienna and the Tyrol like a Karas to his zither or an edelweiss to its Alpine crag.

For these twenty years and more, feminine hearts in select suburbs have thrilled to the subtle nuances of the well-proven Novello formula with its insidious musical accompaniments. But these enthusiasts—or is "devotees" the better word?—are not necessarily picturegoers.

Will the one-and-nines and the two-and-fours react in the same inevitable fashion? Can the romantic hypnotism seep through into celluloid?

Quite an unusually large sum of Associated British money is staked on the possibility that it can.

Incidentally, so is the reputation of Dennis Price, the immediate future of Gisèle Préville and the long-term prospects of Patricia Dainton.

If *The Dancing Years* is a big popular success—and it doesn't matter a tinker's dam' what the critics say—Dennis Price is probably due for the most overwhelming adulation of his career; Mlle Préville will be pursued by agents and the Associated British contract experts will be saying that everything that they had hinted about little Miss Dainton wasn't half what she deserved.

Furthermore, happy addicts, panting with the insatiable appetite of the newly converted, may be rewarded by infinite vistas of screen adaptations of Novello stage successes extending down the limitless years of the future.

Why, *The Dancing Years* might even have a record-breaking American release. It might even make a handsome profit.

If it is a popular success.

Interesting, too, that producer Warwick Ward can also look back twenty years to a fine record as an actor in both British and Continental pictures. Now, if *The Dancing Years* is a hit, both he and Novello will soon be enjoying a kind of back-room film stardom.

Can you wonder that the sponsors of the film are walking about with fingers permanently crossed? There hasn't been a gamble like this in British studios for years.

But—let's be fair—it's a courageous gamble.



Gay costumes, colourful scenery and music—Novello's infallible stage formula is brought to the screen by Gisèle Préville and Grey Blake



Dennis Price and Gisèle Préville have just as much at stake in "The Dancing Years" as the film's producers—their own reputations

Bob (Energy) Hope

BOB HOPE never rests—particularly when he received a cable telling him that Bing Crosby had PICTUREGOER's front cover a couple of weeks back, and another one saying that *Fancy Pants* is due to start its rounds in Britain.

That's Hope all over. He has so many interests that he never gets time to relax except on things like trains and aeroplanes.

Typical of his busy life was a recent festival in the United States township of Duluth, when America's prime funster of screen, radio and stage was crowned Duke of Duluth and allowed to reign for four days—when the photographers were around—with the beautiful local "duchess."

Hope turned up, surrounded by his experts. For his radio show he took Doris Day and others, and in the end the photographer—whose candid camera shots are exclusive to PICTUREGOER—nearly had a nervous breakdown.

Why, there was a goofy personal appearance, a nation-wide radio hook-up, a script conference on a new film—and several queues of celebrity hunters.

When it was all over the maestro curled up and went to sleep. Yes, that's Hope; that was.



Bob, newly crowned Duke of Duluth, tries on a presentation necktie. It's quite bold, but milder than the Technicolor type he usually wears



Bob, assisted by Doris Day, talks over the gags for the radio show during the plane trip to Duluth



Local girl makes duchess. Bob works appropriate lines into the script of his show—you bet they're good



Before the theatre, a quick break for relaxing until it's time for the broadcast. All it wants now is for a vision of Crosby to break into Bob's pleasant reverie



There are two ways of making personal appearances—the usual and Bob Hope's. The journey to the theatre may be uncomfortable but it sets the town talking



Big man, you've had a busy day. The show is over, the broadcast was swell. Homeward bound by plane, Bob says "So what?" to that vision of Crosby

TO MY SURPRISE I AM A STAR!



It was hard to believe that it was really happening to me . . . ME. Yet the welcome I received on my first big personal appearance tour opened my eyes to the fact that I was popular. Then came "The Wicked Lady" . . .

WHEN the whisper came to me that I was in line for a part in *The Man in Grey*, I read Lady Eleanor Smith's novel most intently; and came to the conclusion that the rôle of Clarissa was just the thing for me.

I was staggered when Leslie Arliss, who was making his début as director, broke the news to me that I was to have the part of Hester. Hester was the wicked woman—she wasn't simply unpleasant, like the girl in *The Stars Look Down*—but a definitely bad character.

I wasn't happy about accepting the part, but as I was never a rebellious soul, I stifled my doubts and reported for duty.

The success of the film is now a little bit of British film history. By one of those freakish twists of luck that can only happen in the picture business, it sent the popularity of all four leading players soaring to new heights.

James Mason, who had taken his rôle only after Eric Portman had refused it, had, in the reception accorded to his playing of a bad character, a clear signpost for his future.

Stewart Granger, whom I met for the first time on the day he landed the part of Rokeby, became a star overnight; and Phyllis Calvert, who had made many claims to stardom in earlier films, more than justified her appearance in her first real star part.

My fan mail boomed immediately. I had received a fairly steady flow in the past: but now it was obvious from the enormous increase that while some people had liked me as a wholesome heroine, a vastly greater number preferred me as a bad girl.

Nevertheless, I was to play in three or four more pictures closer to my old style before I once again had a crack at wickedness.

Films like *Dear Octopus, Give Us the Moon* and *Love Story* were routine jobs after the excitement of *The Man in Grey*. *Love Story* was a popular success, which I remember chiefly because of the tough time I had practising the piano for the playing of "The Cornish Rhapsody."

A piano was specially installed in my flat for this purpose, and I think I must have driven the neighbours crazy in the following few days. But eventually, I was finger-perfect and survived a four-minute "take" on my hands. Harriet Cohen actually played the piece for the soundtrack.

I quite enjoyed my part in the unusual picture, *A Place of One's Own*, in which James Mason and Barbara Mullen played an elderly couple and I was a rather fey character who believed herself under the influence of a murdered girl's spirit. This picture, I feel, deserved more popular success than it gained.

Then came *I'll Be Your Sweetheart*. This was the first musical in which I ever appeared. It had a vigorous period story—based on true facts—and I could never understand why it received such harsh handling from the critics. The public loved it, however—that was the main thing. In this film I wore tights and danced for the first time on the screen.

I also — apparently — sang, but somehow it had been assumed that I would not be capable of delivering the songs myself; and Maudie Edwards recorded them for the picture.

It was in connection with this film that I went on the first intensively planned personal appearance tour ever put over in this country. I wasn't too happy about it at first, because I was having the first real test I'd had in years.

Judging Amateurs

Still rather tired, I set off, a little apprehensive at the fact that I would have to judge the efforts of amateur singers at every theatre where I appeared.

I soon lost this weariness. Right from the first, the tremendous enthusiasm of the people and the very size of the crowds amazed and thrilled me.

Then, at the first stop, something happened that gave me a terrific "lift." I had listened to the local talents' renderings and duly judged their efforts. Then the audience began to call for me to sing!

This was something that the organizers hadn't planned for. They were staggered: obviously they could not materialize Maudie Edwards: what was to be done?

I sang—unaccompanied—since no arrangements had been made for music at this stage; and I shall never forget the reception given to my efforts. Everywhere afterwards, I sang as part of the little show we put on.

I was far less surprised than my escorts. As part of my general training for my career, I had been given lessons in voice production; and knew that I could sing passably well. If the studio had asked me about it before shooting the film, I would probably have been allowed to sing in the picture myself. I would have liked to.

It was characteristic of me at that time that I did nothing to push myself in that matter. I was a contract player, and it was my job to do as I was told. That was my attitude.

It wasn't until the personal appearance tour, indeed, that I realized that I was a really popular star; and even after the enormous enthusiasm that greeted me wherever I went, I still found it hard to believe that it was really happening to me.

I have made several similar tours since then, in all sorts of conditions. I remember most vividly the one during the bitter weather of 1946, when the hotels had little or no heat and trains were delayed by the snow.

I toured the Midlands and the North on that occasion; and I was deeply touched by the devotion of the crowds who stood in snow sometimes two or three feet deep to greet me at stations and

A Scots Audience Sang, And I Cried . . . I Turn Super Wicked And Queen Mary Likes It

cinemas. Among my recollections of these tours, some incidents linger in my memory and give me a warm glow whenever I think of them.

There was the occasion in Edinburgh, when a Scots audience rose spontaneously and sang, "Will Ye No' Come Back Again?" That had me in tears.

There was the time in Sheffield, when a little girl of ten or eleven somehow penetrated the defences of my hotel and stood outside my bedroom door waiting to see me. She had been there nearly three hours when I heard about her. She wanted advice about how to become an actress. I gave it.

Then, on my recent "Peter Pan" tour, a charming and spontaneous gesture by schoolchildren moved me deeply. Following the afternoon show, one day in Blackpool, almost a hundred schoolgirls besieged the stage door and began to chant, "We want Margaret."

I had lots of signed photographs in my dressing-room, which was just above the stage door, so I leaned out of the window, told the children to form a queue and asked my dresser to go down and distribute the pictures. While this was going on I talked to the children—anything that came into my head—then, when I saw that they were all going to get photographs, I shut the dressing-room window.

Thirty seconds afterwards, the children started to sing. It was "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow"; halfway through, after a slight lull, it changed to "For She's a Jolly Good Lady." It is this kind of thing that gives some real meaning to all the film star glamour.

Incidentally, although I play a fair proportion of provocatively unpleasant wenches these days, most of my supporters appear to be women and children, many of the women mature housewives. Perhaps a psychologist could work out a theory about that.

Extraordinary Reception

My super wicked part—the one that created all the fuss—came to me at the turn of the year in 1944. When Leslie Arliss came to me once more and told me that I was to be given another bad-woman character, I had no hesitation.

I knew the story of the notorious Lady Skelton: the script for the film was completed, and, as the character developed in its pages, it seemed to me one that any actress would enjoy playing. We started work on *The Wicked Lady* in January, 1945.

We had an excellent team. Arliss was extremely good with this kind of material. James Mason was at the height of his popularity; and Patricia Roc, whose sweetness made an excellent foil to my villainy, was rapidly rising in public esteem.

We enjoyed making the film, but none of us was prepared for the extraordinary reception which the picture received at the Press show. Some of the critics tore to pieces the character I played: others suggested that the picture was immoral and that several scenes in it should have been dealt with by the censor.

The first night, which Queen Mary was to attend, was planned for a couple of evenings later. Within hours of the Press notices appearing, equerries from Marlborough House were on the phone to the Rank Organization. J. Arthur Rank himself was very worried, indeed.

Eventually, a special screening was arranged for Mr. Rank and the equerries. Meanwhile, some sections of the Press were hinting that *The Wicked Lady* was not the kind of film the Queen Mother would wish to see, and were almost betting that she would not attend the première.

Atmosphere Of Tension

But Queen Mary did attend. There was an atmosphere of tension in the cinema, not solely due to the dramatic qualities of the picture. Pressmen had their eyes on the Royal box, watching for reactions. Mr. Rank worried, his officials worried, I worried.

I was in a violent state of nerves when the picture was over and the Royal party was to pass me on its way out. I made my curtsey at the appropriate moment, Queen Mary inclined her head, moved on, and then turned again towards me and graciously complimented me on my performance.

Immediately I reached the foyer, newspapermen crowded round to ask what she had said. I told them that she had indicated enjoyment of the film. The next day stories were printed to the effect that the version shown to Her Majesty had suffered cuts and that there were passages with "muted sound."

The statements were untrue and ridiculous. Queen Mary had seen the same version as the Press.

The rather spiteful remarks of some of the more flippant critics had no effect upon the film's reception by the public. *The Wicked Lady* was immensely popular, as you know.

As far as I was concerned, the picture was the high point of my career. My fan mail increased in a staggering fashion.

My increased popularity made itself apparent in a variety of ways, one of the most bizarre of which was an advertisement used by a motor tour agency in the neighbourhood of the country mansion where many of the interiors were shot. It read: "Day trip to Blickling Hall, birthplace of Anne Boleyn and where Margaret Lockwood was 'The Wicked Lady'."

Naturally, I was immensely thrilled by the new status the popularity of *The Wicked Lady* had brought me and I looked forward to a future full of exciting possibilities. But I didn't realize that there is a price to pay for front rank stardom. It was not long before I discovered this sobering fact.



When I set off for my first big personal appearance tour, I wasn't too happy. But I soon lost that feeling. The enthusiasm and the thrills!



It was "The Wicked Lady" that sent my fan mail rocketing. Odd though, despite my run of "bad" rôles, women are my chief supporters

The price I had to pay for stardom led me into conflict with my studios. Next week, I'll relate the inside story of how I came to be suspended

Margaret Lockwood

Reviews and Previews

Lionel Collier

★★★★ OUTSTANDING ★★★ VERY GOOD ★★ GOOD ★ AVERAGE C CHILDREN

The Twenty Questions Murder Mystery★★

Rona Anderson **Robert Beatty**

IF you've ever wondered what the "Twenty Questions" team is really like and how they go about their job, you can satisfy your curiosity with this picture—and enjoy a trim little murder puzzle, too.

A series of killings is linked by a mysterious murderer with the "Twenty Questions" programme, which he uses, cryptogram fashion, as a means of naming his victims in advance. Rival reporters, Robert Beatty and Rona Anderson, spot this connection and enlist the aid of the team to solve the mystery.

It is quite possible that many picturegoers will spot the killer before the cast do, but this should not unduly detract from the pleasant appeal of the film. It has plenty of humour, in the squabbles between Beatty and Rona Anderson, and in the clowning of Jack Train and Wally Patch.

Jeanne de Casalis deputizes skilfully for Anona Wynn; otherwise the "Twenty Questions" team is complete, with Stewart MacPherson holding the reins as question master.

A bright and punchy little picture that most people will enjoy.—*Grand National-A Pax-Pendennis Production. British. "A" certificate. Runs 90 minutes. Directed by Paul L. Stein. Screenplay by Patrick Kirwan and Victor Katona. Already in release.* L. W.

The Girl Who Couldn't Quite★★

Elizabeth Henson **Bill Owen**

ELIZABETH HENSON makes a successful screen début as a neurotic young girl in this domestic comedy-drama.

As Ruth, she lives in a picturesque country house with her attractive widowed mother, Pamela, and her grandmother, Janet. Ruth, the victim of an unhappy childhood, has not laughed since she was five years old.

The story shows, in a whimsical manner, how a cockney tramp teaches her to smile again.

Broad farce and sentiment blend quite happily and there is plenty of human warmth in the characters. Elizabeth Henson has both looks and brains, and makes Ruth an attractive heroine. Bill Owen brings the cockney tramp to life vividly. Good support comes from Iris Hoey, Betty Stockfield and Stuart Lindsell.—*Monarch-John Argyle Productions. British. "A" certificate. Runs 83 minutes. Directed by Norman Lee. Screenplay by Leo Marks, Norman Lee and Marjorie Deans, from the play by Leo Marks. Release date not fixed.* R. H. B.

Kiss In The Dark C★

Jane Wyman **David Niven**

I CANNOT understand how artists of the calibre of David Niven and Jane Wyman could have allowed themselves to be cast in a farce which has very little to recommend itself either in wit or cinematic invention.

David Niven — looking every inch an Englishman—is cast as a pianist of international repute who, through his impresario, is saddled with a cheap boarding house as an investment. There he meets and falls in love with Polly, a girl who models for posters.

Eventually he forgets virtuoso piano playing for just plain sex appeal, but trouble looms up in the form of the girl's tough boy friend. The pianist becomes so bellicose that, in spite of the value of his hands, he hits the aforesaid boy friend on the chin during a fighting climax.

The picture is basically amateurish, with febrile slapstick and with no chance for either of the stars to show that they really can act. It is a pity that such distinguished names should have been given so few opportunities.

As a Hollywood romp with lesser luminaries it would not need to be taken too seriously.—*Warner Brothers. American. "U" certificate. Runs 87 minutes. Directed by Delver Daves. Screenplay by Harry Kurnitz. Release date June 12.* L. C.

Into The Straight★

Muriel Steinbeck **Charles Tingwell**

AUSTRALIAN horseracing melodrama which relies mainly for its entertainment on outdoor sequences. They are well put over.

The story shows how Curzon, an Australian owner, comes to England to buy new racing stock. He purchases a champion and persuades its trainer, Hugh Duncan, and his son, Paul, to return to Australia with him.

The horse breeds two colts, Conquest and Revolt. The latter, Curzon gives to his daughter, who is thrown and crippled. Paul secretly buys Revolt and trains it for a big race. June believes herself to be in love with Paul.

However, June is cured of her infatuation and Revolt, renamed Grand Victory, wins the big race.

Acting is quite good, but full marks go to the picturesque exteriors. — *Eros. Australian. "A" certificate. Runs 75 minutes. Produced and directed by T. O. McCreadie. Already in release.* R. H. B.

Deputy Marshal★

Frances Langford **Jon Hall**

OUTDOOR melodrama, the plot of which is not too clear. It concerns a fight between a deputy marshal and a gang of crooks for the secret map of a proposed railway.

It's cut to pattern, but carries a punch here and there and, what is more, has a sense of humour.

Jon Hall makes a lusty marshal, and Frances Langford an attractive heroine. The tough element is suitably characterized.—*Exclusive-A Lippert Production. American. "U" certificate. Runs 68 minutes. Directed by William Berke. Screenplay by William Berke, based on the novel "Deputy Marshal," by Charles Heckelmann. Already in release.* R. H. B.

Return Of The Lash C★

"Lash" La Rue **Al "Fuzzy" St. John**

A FIGHT between a rancher and crooks for the control of a town's water supply. It is settled in favour of the rancher by "Lash" La Rue, who is good as a two-gun he-man.

Plenty of action of the "horse opera" variety against a picturesque background.—*Butchers. American. "U" certificate. Runs 53 minutes. Directed by Ray Taylor. Screenplay by Joseph O'Donnell. Release date April 17.* F. D.

Africa Screams C★

Bud Abbott **Lou Costello**

THEY'VE been frightened by Frankenstein, dumbfounded by Dracula and clouted by Karloff. Now this comic pair are off to Africa with Frank (Bring 'Em Back Alive) Buck, hunting a gorilla twice the size of Mighty Joe Young.

Like its two predecessors the story doesn't matter much. It's just an excuse to have timid little Lou Costello chased by cannibals, alligators and tigers. The gorilla takes a liking to him and tries to help him escape, but the feeling isn't mutual and Lou runs away from him, as fast as he can.

If you liked the others you may enjoy this, or perhaps you think Abbott and Costello are wonderful whatever film they're in. Personally, I think this craze for guying horror films has worn a bit thin after three attempts.

What was uproariously funny the first time



David Niven is a pianist who finds himself responsible for the tenants of a boarding house—among them Jane Wyman—in "Kiss in the Dark." Neither has a chance to act, says Lionel Collier

and his team of experts analyse the latest films ★ ★ ★

(Cast lists of films reviewed in this issue appear on page 25)

is a little feeble now, but, nevertheless, there are some good laughs. — *United Artists. American. "U" certificate. Runs 79 minutes. Directed by Charles Barton. Screenplay by Earl Baldwin. Release date April 17.* F. D.

Black Magic★

Nancy Guild **Orson Welles**

I NEVER expected to see Orson Welles in fancy dress at the court of Louis XV, but here he is as the famous charlatan Cagliostro, in an adaptation of Dumas's melodrama.

It is sad to report that in spite of lavish settings and forceful sword and cloak melodrama, its laughs exceed the thrills.

One reason may be because of the accents of some of the players; another because the whole thing is such artificial hokum; and a third because the dialogue, generally, is poor.

The story concerns Cagliostro, the son of a gipsy, whose mother and father are hanged for witchcraft. As he grows older he discovers he has a gift for hypnotism, an art which is fostered by Dr. Mesmer. This gift gives him an urge for power, and leads him into a conspiracy with de Montagne and Mme du Barry to drive Marie Antoinette from France.

To implement this, he discovers a girl, Lorenza, who is the double of Marie Antoinette. He puts her under his hypnotic power and plans to use her to discredit Marie.

Just as it seems that his schemes may come to fruition he comes to a sticky end, brought about by the skill of Dr. Mesmer, who pits his hypnotic powers against Cagliostro's.

It is all very corny and Orson Welles "hams" to an alarming extent. Nancy Guild has a poor speaking voice for a historical rôle, while the rest of the cast seem to be none too comfortable in period costumes.

Margot Grahame puts some dignity into the rôle of Mme du Barry.—*United Artists. American. "A" certificate. Runs 104 minutes. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. Screenplay by Charles Bennett, based on Alexandre Dumas's "Cagliostro," from "Memoirs of a Physician." Release date not fixed.* L. C.

High Jinks In Society[C]★

Ben Wrigley **Moore Marriott**

CRAZY, slapstick comedy set in the West End of London. It deals with the adventures—or rather misadventures—of a window cleaner turned detective. The rôle is played in amusingly goofy fashion by Ben Wrigley, who is helped out with music from the Radio Revellers and the Squadronaires.

A conventional love interest is handled neatly by Jean Lodge and Basil Appleby.

In the rôle of a grandfather is the late Moore Marriott. On the whole, sound, honest slapstick.—*Adelphi Films. British. "U" certificate. Runs 77 minutes. Written and directed by R. J. Hill. Release date not fixed.* R. H. B.

Wagon Wheels Westward[C]★

Bill Elliott **Bobby Blake**

PERIOD comedy-melodrama, very patchy in continuity. Its main theme deals with the Duchess, a tough old-timer, and Red Ryder, her stalwart nephew, who start a new stage-coach line. Bandits get to hear of it and plot to cash in at the expense of the settlers—but Red is too much for them. The covered wagon theme is quite exciting, even if it has been used so often before, but it is very patchily developed. Its main asset—as can so often be said about minor Westerns—is its picturesque scenic qualities; and they never do make up for story value.

Bill Elliott does all that is required of him in a two-fisted manner and Bobby Blake gives a good juvenile act. The rest do not amount to much.—*British Lion-Republic. American. "U" certificate. Runs 55 minutes. Directed by R. G. Springsteen. Screenplay by Earle Snell. Original story by Gerald Geraghty. Based on Fred Harman's famous "N.E.A. Comic," by special arrangement with Stephen Slesinger. Release date not fixed.* F. D.

False Paradise★★

Elaine Riley **William Boyd**

HOPALONG CASSIDY is still hopping along in the pleasant personality of William Boyd. Custom, perhaps, tends to stale a little, but, on the whole, this is quite a reasonable example of the perennial series.

Vigour rather than originality is the order of the day in another fight for a silver-bearing ranch.

Acting is up to standard for this type of Western.—*United Artists-Hopalong Cassidy Productions. American. "U" certificate. Runs 59 minutes. Directed by George Archainbaud. Release date not fixed.* R. H. B.

Tinker★

SOME keen acting comes from the amateur juveniles in this semi-documentary picture dealing with mining trainees in a County Durham setting.

The authentic detail is interesting but the spectacular last-minute rescue scenes tend to verge on the theatrical. This is hardly in keeping with the general theme that apprehensive parents need not worry about whether their sons are in good hands or not.

The players rather than the directors deserve most praise.—*Eros-Citizen Films Production. British. "U" certificate. Runs 67 minutes. Written, produced and directed by Herbert Marshall and Fredda Brilliant. Release date not fixed.* R. H. B.

Other Releases

The Red Danube★★

HOLLYWOOD delivers another straight right to the Communist chin, but it does not connect. Main issue is the Church versus Communism. Acting by Janet Leigh, Walter Pidgeon and Peter Lawford is fair. (Reviewed PICTUREGOER, March 25.)

Chain Lightning[C]★★

HUMPHREY BOGART demonstrates how America developed the jet plane. There is a romance with Eleanor Parker, who helps to turn the pilot from a commercially minded moron to a heroic figure. (Reviewed PICTUREGOER, April 1.)

When Willie Comes Marching Home[C]★★★

AMERICAN war comedy which is particularly welcome because it refrains from mock heroics and ponderous psychological asides. It's an uninhibited tale of a man who loses caste at home, and when he does get his chance to go overseas and do a fine job of work, comes back to find that everything he has accomplished is an "official secret." Very well acted by Dan Dailey and Corinne Calvet (Reviewed PICTUREGOER, April 8.)

Hounded★★

A MAN wanted by the police keeps his freedom by acting as an informer on a spy and counterfeiting gang. Pedestrian melodrama which Nina Foch and George Raft appear to find heavy going. (Reviewed PICTUREGOER, January 7.)



Bud Abbott and Lou Costello cook up some good laughs in their latest film, "Africa Screams," despite the fact that it follows the same burlesque trend as its two predecessors

"How could anyone be so lovely?"

he asked.

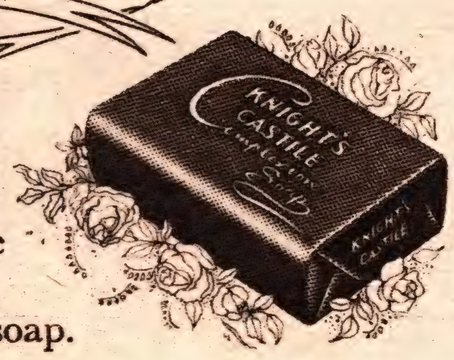
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Just as serious to Dickie as his football pools is his choice of future rôles. Has he picked a winner?

ATTENBOROUGH TURNS TO COMEDY

Not slapstick, but the sophisticated type. That, says Charles Hamblett in the final instalment of his profile on the star, is Dickie's answer to his age problem

"I'VE been extraordinarily lucky," says Richard Attenborough. Looking round his roomy old house on historic Richmond Green, one is inclined to agree with that statement.

Dickie and wife Sheila Sim, have just moved in. They found this large house when it became certain that their family would be increased by one, moving from an equally old, but much smaller place in Chelsea.

Several rooms are still unfurnished. But baby Attenborough's nursery is the acme of comfort. Dickie is a homely type, and, like Sheila, is taking the business of parenthood seriously.

It is difficult to avoid saying nice things about the Attenboroughs. They are, incidentally, the natural type of couple one can refer to by their Christian names without seeming presumptuous or familiar.

But there is nothing of the wide-eyed innocent about Dickie. He knows what he wants, and where he is going.

"I am tired of playing neurotics," he told me the other day, as we sat in his candle-lit dining-room and discussed his Five-Year Plan, which has been worked out with the Boulting twins.

"My great problem is that I have got to fill that middle gap between being a tortured adolescent and becoming a sort of Edmund Gwenn."

Dickie thinks that he has found a solution. He intends to try his hand as a comedian. Not, he hastens to stress, a light romantic comedian in Michael Wilding's best Wilcox manner, or a fruity Sid Field. He has other ideas, and the Boultings have already found two likely scripts for him to try out the new Attenborough technique.

Comedy, according to Dickie (and he knows what he is talking about), is not just a matter of hurling custard pies and slipping on banana skins. The comedy he appreciates most does not spring solely from gag lines, but from a consistent development both of *character* and *situation*.

Instead of the unfunny romps which too frequently are passed off as screamingly funny pictures, the Boultings hope to produce the mature and sophisticated comedy which Hollywood manages occasionally to pull off. Readers who remember Paul Douglas's distinguished début as the ageing lover in *A Letter to Three Wives* will know what I mean.

Being a modest and sensible fellow, Dickie does not approve of the bandying of eminent reputations to illustrate his own activities. But true screen comedy is so rare, it is impossible to discuss it without invoking the great name of Charlie Chaplin.

The height of comedy is tragi-comedy. Chaplin is the supreme exponent of this, capable of making audiences scream with laughter and then swiftly reducing them to moist-eyed handkerchief twisters.

Thus Chaplin's comedy is wrung from the process of a *character* (a bowler-hatted little man with out-turned feet) becoming involved in a series of commonplace *situations* which, through his skill, become bizarre, pathetic or funny.

If the Boultings' plans for Dickie live up to present expectations, they will have rendered a service to British films now almost exclusively in the hands of Ealing Studios, who set the pace with *Passport to Pimlico*.

But Dickie also has other tricks up his sleeve.

One of his chief regrets is that he has not played much in the classics, Shakespeare, Congreve and Sheridan, for instance, demanding a certain style of mannered acting.

But past stage and screen experience has made him an expert at naturalistic acting.

So in the theatre he usually looks for parts full of dramatic tension, shorn of old-style rhetoric and artificial mannerisms.

Dickie is, therefore, by no means all set for a career as full-time comedian. He is, first and foremost, a character actor, capable of playing many rôles. But by tackling new and specialized forms, he hopes once and for all to break with his past "line."

This is where his realistic technique will assist him. In the near future he plans to play in several films dealing with the problems of modern life: as a student in love with a ballet dancer; as an artist in *Trio*, based, like its predecessor, *Quartet*, on Somerset Maugham short stories. He also hopes to pull the third string to his bow by appearing in a new play due to be presented next autumn.

His versatility is, fortunately, supported by complete control of the media in which he works. His invaluable dramatic training has made him thoroughly at home on the stage. Years in film studios have given him a complete grasp of film technique.

He says that some of the best advice he ever had came from Edward G. Robinson, with whom he worked in *Journey Together*.

"Forget The Camera"

"Find out exactly what the camera is going to do," the Hollywood veteran told him, "fit your part in with its movements, and then forget the darn thing."

Robinson also said: "When you're on top you'll meet plenty of people who were there when you were on the way up. But don't let it turn your head. By that time many of them will be on the way down. Make it your business to keep right on top all the time."

So much for the professional Richard Attenborough, who faces the future fully aware of the difficulties, pitfalls, and uncertainties of his career.

Outside his job, his greatest interest is in serious music, painting, and attending soccer matches. An ardent rugger player, he was converted to soccer during his long residence in Chelsea. The best way to upset him is to say unkind things about the Chelsea team.

He loathes flashy clothes, rarely wears a hat, and only drinks and smokes in moderation. He regularly attends the Albert Hall Sunday Concerts, and is as reverent towards great conductors and soloists as any shy music student.

The fact that he also appreciates light music and jazz is of considerable help to him in his latest rôle of disc jockey in the Saturday night radio programme, "Record Rendezvous."

Will Dickie survive this "middle gap" before he becomes "a sort of Edmund Gwenn"? If a sense of decency, willingness to work, and a down-to-earth outlook, both as star and family man, count for anything, the brightness of his future is assured. THE END

Quiz Time

. . . Sounds your knowledge of war in films

1. Who is the French-Canadian star who appeared in *Mademoiselle from Armentières* and whose latest picture is the new British war film, *They Were Not Divided*?

2. Which battle is featured in *Battleground*?

3. Who was the star of the silent wartime "classic," *The Big Parade*?

4. A film about the Spanish Civil War turned Ingrid Bergman into a major Hollywood star. Title of the picture?

5. Which new war film relates the story of a bomber group with a jinx on it?

6. A famous naval vessel played a key rôle in the wartime film *Ships with Wings*. The vessel, its name?

7. What was Anna Neagle's first film, a first World War subject, to be made in America?

8. Which picture told the full story of the atom bomb?

9. What is the title of the new film dealing with the Guards Armoured Division?

10. In which recent picture did we see a story of American aircraft carriers?

Solutions appear on page 26



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The Real Facts on

CENSORSHIP

★★★ EVEN when a film is granted a censor's certificate, it does not necessarily mean that it can be shown throughout the country. For the work of the British Board of Film Censors is purely advisory—the ultimate decision as to whether a film may or may not be shown in a particular district rests with the local authority.

But since the establishment of the Board by Britain's film-makers and distributors in 1913, most authorities accept its guidance for the usual run of films.

★★★ SINCE its inception, B.B.F.C. has viewed some 60,000 films.

Of this total it has completely rejected 350—the vast majority of these before 1936. Since then the average has dropped to three or four rejections a year.

This drop is partly due to the fact that most producers now send their scripts for a reading by the Board before shooting begins.

About 150 films each year require cuts.

★★★ REASONS for rejections and cuts vary. The Board, unlike the Hays Office, has no written code.

It bases its principles on the fact that the cinema is family entertainment, and tries to reject only what would give offence to the audience.

The "A" and "U" certificate system has been in operation ever since the Board started. The "A" certificate is not intended to indicate that a film is necessarily unsuitable for children—merely to pass on the responsibility to the parents to decide whether or not their under-sixteen child should see it in company with them.

The "H" classification was initiated in 1933, because of the *Frankenstein* and *Dracula* type of films. Since then, fifty-four films have been given "H" certificates.

★★★ FIVE examiners are employed by the Board. One of them is always a woman. In a private theatre, they view 2,000 films each year,

Two examiners see each film. If it is passed, the producers are notified straight away.

If there is any doubt, the other members of the Board are called in. If necessary, the president is referred to for a final verdict.

The censor's certificate must appear on the screen for ten seconds.

The Board's expenses are met by the fees charged to producers.

MIRIAM MAISEL

SUMMER FASHION TRAILER

by ENID O'NEILL

The wardrobe assembled by Ann Todd for her holiday in Jamaica gives pointers to styles to parade in the sun

A TRAILER on summer styles was contained in the wardrobe taken by Ann Todd for her holiday in Jamaica with her husband, David Lean. But prepare for a surprise—many of her outfits were chosen from the darker shades, which are finding popularity this year.

So it seems that this year we'll be greeting the sunny months of June, July and August in black and navy. Hope that's not an omen for the weather.

One of Ann's "showpieces" in this new colour treatment was a three-piece outfit in black linen. It has a cuffed, low-cut bodice teamed with a softly gathered, button-through skirt. For the beach, she took a pair of accompanying "little boy" shorts with turn-ups.

Small sea shells washed in gold are stitched on to the removable shoelace halter and narrow belt. Black linen ballet pumps have been made to match.

A many-purpose dress is Ann's cotton in an inky-blue overlaid with tiny, formal black etching. The asymmetric line of the sideswept collar is continued in the slim skirt which wraps over on to one hip.

While shopping in Kingston, Jamaica's capital, Ann set it off with a shady black picture hat and long black jersey gloves. For beach lounging she substituted a white sun hat and low-heeled white sandals.

For evening wear, Ann took an ankle-length skirt she bought in Italy and paired it with a special top in black silk with shoulder straps embroidered with gold sequins and crystals. The skirt itself is cleverly worked in slender bands of silk and taffeta.

A sequin and crystal embroidered "sunburst" belt tones the two "separates" together. For chilly tropical evenings Ann added a featherweight woollen shawl with inset bands of black lace and fringed borders.

Shoes to go with this outfit were wedge-heeled, black suède "elfin" pumps with high, pointed vamp dotted with gold stars.

Congratulations to

. . . Rona Anderson for tucking three carnations flower-box fashion into the breast pocket of her navy suit—neater than pinning them to the lapel of her jacket.

. . . Blonde Diana Dors, for arriving at a party in a check dress with cherries trimming the tiny cap sleeves.

. . . Margaret Leighton for trailing a tangerine (this season's three-star colour) handkerchief from the pocket of her grey flannel dress, and congratulations again for cleverly matching it with one of the new, vivid tangerine lipsticks in exactly the same shade.

. . . Irish actress Kathleen Ryan for her new two-way frock. It is in fine black wool and has a slim skirt and fluted check taffeta apron to wear with it at cocktail time.



Ann Todd's black playsuit is trimmed with gold-washed shells

★ ★ ★ ★ ***Film Fashions*** ★ ★ ★ ★

MUSIC FROM THE MOVIES with LAURIE HENSHAW



SUNSHINE CAKE

Bing's "Riding High" song is heading for the record stakes

"SUNSHINE CAKE." That's the tune from the Bing Crosby horseracing film, *Riding High*, which, I think, will find a high place in the record sales lists. Bing sings it on Brunswick 04482.

On the other side of the record is "The Horse Told Me"—the number heard in the boisterous beer-garden sequence. This tipster-styled song is also delivered in appropriately confidential manner by Nat "King" Cole (Capitol CL13279).

Runners-up from the same film have been bedded down by Bing on Brunswick 04483. Titles are "Sure Thing" and "Somewhere on Anywhere Road."

There are alternative versions of "Sunshine Cake," incidentally, by Britain's song chefs Benny Lee and the Keynotes (with Nat Temple's Orchestra) on Decca F9387; and America's Peggy Lee (Capitol CL13280). The Peggy Lee version is coupled with "At the Café Rendezvous," the song featured by Doris Day in *It's A Great Feeling*.

The remaining tunes heard in *Riding High*, "Camptown Races" and "The Whiffenpoof Song," are sung by Bing on Brunswick 03190 and 03902.

"My Foolish Heart," the music from the film of the same name starring Susan Hayward and Dana Andrews, has been waxed by top-ranking vocalists and bands in England and America.

Take your pick of the recordings by Steve Conway, with rumba bandleader Roberto Inglez (Columbia DB2669); Joe Loss and his Orchestra (H.M.V. BD6065); and Gordon Jenkins and his Orchestra (Brunswick 04469). Roberto Inglez has also recorded a non-vocal beguine treatment on Parlophone R3275.

Remember Allen Jones singing "Alone" in *A Night at the Opera* — the fifteen-year-old Marx Brothers classic? Jones has recorded this ballad on H.M.V. B9886.

The song version of the Harry Lime theme recently written by songwriters Michael Carr and Jack Golden, is sung by the Five Smith Brothers (Parlophone R3266); Donald Peers (H.M.V. B9890); and Reggie Goff (Decca F9359).

The original Harry Lime theme, incidentally, has now been recorded by America's Alvino Rey (Capitol CL13240) and bandleader Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians (Brunswick 04460). The latter recording is coupled with "The Café Mozart Waltz."



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LANA MORRIS, *now appearing in MORNING DEPARTURE, is delighted with her Pin-Up home perm. "It's as easy to set as naturally curly hair," she says.*

IF you were a film star, wouldn't you *insist* on the best permanent wave money could buy? You'd know that on the screen any flaw in your hair-do would show up larger than life.

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BARBARA MURRAY (*she was in BOYS IN BROWN*) *says, "Pin-Up gives just the soft, natural-looking waves that are so fashionable for a short-hair style."*

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RICHARD WIDMARK was earning £10 a week as a college professor of dramatics, when, in 1938, he decided acting was more fun than teaching. Soon he was making £400 a week. His first film was *Kiss of Death.*

Aged 35 he is married to a Hollywood scriptwriter, has a daughter, Ann, aged four. Height 5 ft. 11 in.; weighs 12 stone, has blond hair, grey eyes. His hobbies: reading and going to the pictures.

George is the master of all film matters. No matter how tough your query he'll be glad to give you an answer. Write to him at "Picturegoer," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Please enclose stamped, addressed envelope for reply

Picturegoer Cast Lists

Players in films reviewed on pages 18 and 19 of this issue

INTO THE STRAIGHT — Sam Curzon, Charles Tingwell; *Laura Curzon,* Muriel Steinbeck; *W. J. Curzon,* George Randall; *June Curzon,* Nonnie Piper; *Hugh Duncan,* James Workman; *Zara Marlow,* Margot Lee; *Paul Duncan,* Alan White; *Bunty Curzon,* Shirley Hall; *Paddy,* Charles Zoli.

AFRICA SCREAMS—Buzz Johnson, Bud Abbott; *Stanley Livington,* Lou Costello; *Diana Emerson,* Hillary Brooke; *Boots,* Max Baer; *Grappler,* Buddy Baer; *Clyde Beatty,* Himself; *Frank Buck,* Himself; *Gunner,* Shemp Howard; *Harry,* Joe Besser.

DEPUTY MARSHAL—Ed Garry, Jon Hall; *Janet Masters,* Frances Langford; *Joel Benton,* Dick Foran; *Claire Benton,* Julie Bishop; *Eli Cressett,* Joe Sawyer; *Bill Masters,* Russell Hayden; *Doc Vinson,* Clem Bevans; *Hotel Clerk,* Vince Barnett; *Mrs. Lance,* Mary Gordon; *Kyle Freeling,* Kenne Duncan; *Leo Hanald,* Stanley Blystone; *Weed Toler,* Roy Butler; *Harley Masters,* Wheaton Chambers; *Sheriff Lance,* Forrest Chambers; *Bartender,* Tom Greenway; *Telegrapher,* Ted Adams.

RETURN OF THE LASH — Cheyenne, "Lash" La Rue; *"Fuzzy,"* Al "Fuzzy" St. John; *Kay,* Mary Maynard; *Grant,* Brad Slaven; *Kirby,* George Chesebro; *Clark,* Lee Morgan; *Dave,* Lane Bradford; *Pete,* John Gibson; *Hank,* Dee Cooper.

BLACK MAGIC—Cagliostro, Orson Welles; *Marie Antoinette and Lorenza,* Nancy Guild; *Gitano,* Akim Tamiroff; *Gilbert,* Frank Latimore; *Zoraida,* Valentina Cortese; *Mme Dubarry,* Margot Grahame; *De Montagne,* Stephen Bekassy; *Alexandre Dumas, sr.,* Barry Kroeger; *Chambord,* Gregory Gaye; *Alexandre Dumas, jr.,* Raymond Burr; *Dr. Mesmer,* Charles Goldner; *King Louis XVI,* Lee Kresel; *King Louis XV,* Robert Atkins; *De Remy,* Nicholas Bruce; *Chico,* Franco Corsaro; *Josef Balsamo (as a child),* Aniello Mele; *Court President,* Ronald Adam; *Crown Prosecutor,* Bruce Belfrage; *Dr. Duval,* Alexander Danaroff; *Gaston,* Lee Lenoir; *Maria Balsamo,* Tamara Shayne; *Minister of Justice,* Giovanni van Hulzen; *Dr. Mesmer's Friend,* Peter Trent; *Bochmer,* Giuseppe Varni; *The Mother,* Tatiana Pavlowa.

THE TWENTY QUESTIONS MURDER MYSTERY—Bob Beecham, Robert Beatty; *Mary Game,* Rona Anderson; *Tom Harmon,* Clifford Evans; *Stewart McPherson, Jack Train, Jeanne de Casalis, Daphne Padel, Richard Dimbleby, Norman Hackforth* as Themselves; *Detective-Inspector Charlton,* Edward Lexy; *Olive Tavy,* Olga Lindo; *Police Commissioner,* Frederick Leister; *Maurice Emery, K.C.,* Harold Scott; *Detective-Constable "Tiny" White,* Wally Patch; *Frederick Tavy,* Meadows White; *General Maitland Webb,* Kynston Reeves; *"Record" News Editor,* Gordon McLeod; *"Echo" News Editor,* Liam Redman; *John Grimshaw,* John Salew; *Police Doctor,* Howard Douglas; *Doctor,* Arthur Young; *Neighbour,* Merle Tottenham; *Stewart McPherson's Secretary,* Sonya O'Shea; *Mohamed Ali,* Homi D. Bode; *Waiter,* Philip King.

KISS IN THE DARK—Eric Phillips, David Niven; *Polly Haines,* Jane Wyman; *Horace Willoughby,* Victor Moore; *Bruce Arnold,* Wayne Morris; *Mr. Botts,* Broderick Crawford; *Peter Danilo,* Joseph Buloff; *Mme Karina,* Maria Ouspenskaya; *Schloss,* Curt Bois; *Benton,* Percival Vivian; *Martin Soames,* Raymond Greenleaf.

HIGH JINKS IN SOCIETY—Ben, Ben Wrigley; *Grandpa,* Moore Marriott; *Hector,* Basil Appleby; *Sheila,* Jean Lodge; *Angela,* Barbara Shaw; *Snakey,* Ivan Craig; *Lady Barr-Nunn,* Netta Westcott; *Mrs. Spencer,* Myrette Morven; *Watkins,* Michael Ward; *Jenkins,* Peter Gawthorne; *Maid,* Pamela van Dale; *Man Mountain Benny,* Bill Benny; *Wrestler,* Russell Westwood.

THE GIRL WHO COULDN'T QUITE—Tim, Bill Owen; *Ruth,* Elizabeth Henson; *Janet,* Iris Hoey; *Pamela,* Betty Stockfield; *John Pelham,* Stuart Lindsell; *Paul Evans,* Vernon Kelso; *Rosa,* Rose Howlett; *Tony,* Fred Groves.

WAGON WHEELS WESTWARD — Red Ryder, Bill Elliott; *Little Beaver,* Bobby Blake; *The Duchess,* Alice Fleming; *Arlie Adams,* Linda Stirling; *McKean,* Roy Barcroft; *"Pop" Dale,* Emmett Lynn; *Tuttle,* Dick Curtis; *Bob Adams,* Jay Kirby; *Lunsford,* George J. Lewis; *The Sheriff,* Bud Geary; *The Judge,* Tom London; *Joe,* Kenne Duncan; *Sutton,* George Chesebro.

FALSE PARADISE — Hopalong Cassidy, William Boyd; *California,* Andy Clyde; *Lucky,* Rand Brooks; *Professor Larson,* Joel Friedkin; *Anne Larson,* Elaine Riley; *Estate Agent Bentley,* Kenneth McDonald; *Deal Marden,* Don Haggerty; *Gerald Waite,* Cliff Clark.



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SALLY AND I

by HARRIS DEANS

"I must have had a pretty good time at school," says Sally

"AC'SHERLY," asserted Sally, after we had seen *The Happiest Days of Your Life*, "I think I must have had a pretty good time at school."

"Think?" I echoed. "Surely you must *know*?"

She shook her head vaguely. "I mean," she explained, "I love talking about my schooldays, though I think I'd hate to have them back again."

"I know," I said with a chuckle, "you mean the way you toasted cheese over a candle during a dormitory supper?"

"You've been listening to some of your grandmother's stories," said Sally scornfully. "We used cigarette lighters."

"Surely you weren't allowed to smoke?" I said, horrified.

"Course not," said Sally carelessly, "but there was always a lighter lying around spare in the mistress's room.

"Every time I come home from a show," she murmured, "and see a night watchman cooking his supper over his coke fire, I wonder if the smell reminds him of his schooldays."

"I don't expect the scent of a kipper would bring back many tender memories," I reflected.

"When I was at school," I went on, not liking to be left out of this orgy of confession, "I used to smoke brown paper cigarettes. I couldn't have had much sense of smell at that time," I admitted, "because I could never understand why I was invariably discovered every time I used the locker room as a smoking lounge."

"I expect the masters smoked Havana cigars themselves in those days," suggested Sally.

"I think it's jolly unfair," she mentioned, "that they should always be making schoolmistresses such freaks on the films."

"Anything for a laugh," I said tolerantly. "I expect it's easier than writing comic dialogue."

"It can't be," she mused, "because most schoolmistresses are spinsters. Most hospital nurses aren't married, either, and they're always perfectly lovely in films."

"I expect," I said, "most scriptwriters have been schoolmasters in their early days. And so they've got to hate the smell of chalk and ink; only natural that they should want to poke fun at their earlier profession.

"And again, as they always make themselves heroes of their own scripts, they take it out of the girls."

"Could be," agreed Sally, "though it seems a bit confused the way you put it.

"Still, seeing they say there's a shortage of schoolteachers, I think they should have made them look more attractive. Like they do the Wrens when they advertise for them on posters.

"There's one thing," she declared stoutly, "for which I would take off my hat to Frank Launder if it didn't muss my hair up, and that's for seeing that the kids in the film behaved themselves properly.

"I don't mean as regards their manners, but being their age. They were just ordinary little devils, like one's younger brother.

"But one thing I am sorry about. I do think they should have put the kids' names among the credits. Or at least some of them. I know there were about three hundred of them, but one or two did deserve a mention.

"That kid who had to speak to her mummy and daddy in the classroom, for instance. And that girl who gave Guy Middleton such a look when he said he hadn't realized before that girls of seventeen were all that old."

QUIZ ANSWERS

1. Estelle Brody. **2.** Battle of Bastogne (the Battle of the "Bulge"). **3.** John Gilbert. **4.** *For Whom the Bell Tolls.* **5.** *Twelve O'clock High.* **6.** The aircraft carrier "Ark Royal." **7.** *Nurse Edith Cavell.* **8.** *The Beginning or the End?* **9.** *They Were Not Divided.* **10.** *Task Force.*

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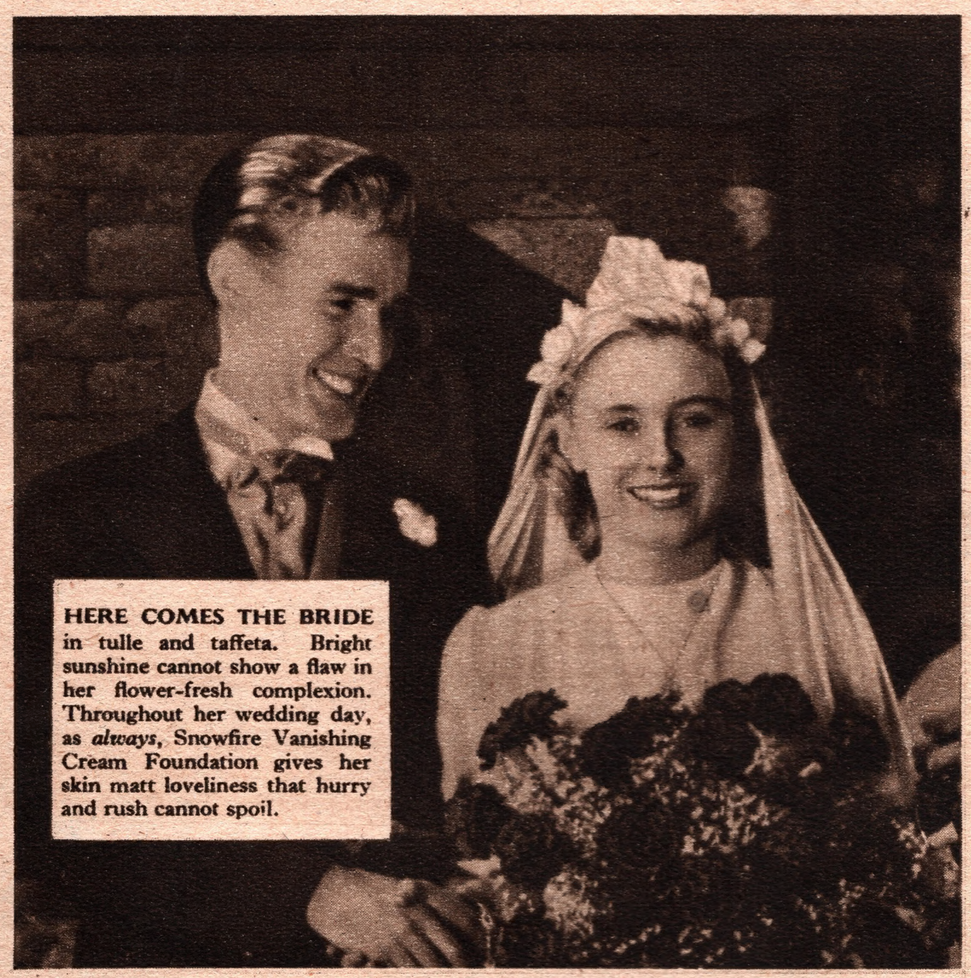
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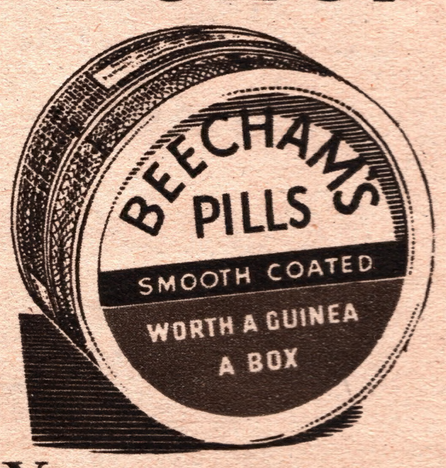
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